CANDOUR

The Britons
Views-letter
Founded by
A.K. Chesterton MC
In 1953

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

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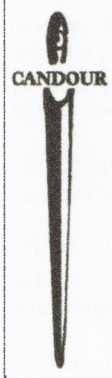
Candour: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. Honour the Past, Conquer the Future!

Freedom. What Freedom?

Candour Editorial



The FREE SPEECH of Britons has been destroyed over decades and we at *Candour* did all we could to report that loss, step by step. As much as we could given our resources.

It was only following the result of a successful court case brought by businessman, Harry Miller, himself an ex-policeman, that more people became aware of just how much has been lost. Between 2014 and 2019 some 120,000 'non crime hate incidents' were recorded by police forces in England and Wales.

Briefly here, because the full story is available elsewhere (See later in Editorial). Mr. Miller was contacted by Humberside Police "cohesion officer", PC Mansoor Gul, following a complaint made about a poem Mr. Miller had shared on social media which was deemed

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Hereward the Wake: "Last of the English" The Prelude to the Charles Kingsley novel. Pages 6-9

On the Psychology of the Conspiracy Denier: Pages 4-5
A closer look at the class that mocks

With this 12 Page issue
***Candour* Grows in number of pages and New Subscribers!**

Truth

Text of a speech given by Antonio de Oliveira Salazar

May 28th, 1966

Transcription and comment by Tarka

"I understand the doubts and hesitations. We live in a critical moment of the history of political thought and, more simply, in a critical moment of the world's history. Everything is in crisis or subject of criticism: morality, religion, the freedom of man, social organisation, the degree of State intervention, economic regimes, the Nation itself and the advantages of its independence or its integration with the others to form big economic and political spaces. It is questioned in Europe the notion of the fatherland itself. Revolutions like that of the Soviets have continued, with regards to facts and philosophy, the revolutions that preceded it, the Reformation and the French Revolution, and, as with all great movements with their initial momentum, they have a tendency to spread and dominate the world, poisoning us with views and principles that they are far from putting into practice in their places of origin. The purest spirits are unsettled, disturbed, they don't know how to direct themselves and they repeat with anguish Pilate's question to Christ Himself: 'What is truth?' This doubt with its hesitations and folly does not allow for efficient work; the human spirit needs to adhere to truth, it needs certitudes to direct itself and act. No state can exist without being grounded upon them or assume them defined and accepted. That's why, even before the current crisis was as widespread, precisely thirty years ago in this city of Braga, I felt a need to proclaim 'the great certitudes of the National Revolution'.

Independently of what transcends the natural order, the dispassionate observation of facts, and the experiences of the peoples, through the ages, reveal to us some of these certitudes.

But we have another indicator to evaluate their justice; the fruits produced in the life and progress of the Nation, that is if the principles that the same certitudes provide we could create among ourselves peace, we could organise our social life and in it prosper.

Because our movement seems to be too slow sometimes, many disturb themselves with the accusation of inertia ; but one thing is inertia in action and another is the stability of political conceptions. Truth is by essence unchanging and the adherence of the spirit of truth, that is it's certitudes, are essential to the progress of human societies."

For me this is a brilliant speech as relevant today as when it was first delivered. More so now when we only have to look at the rabble who 'control' our nation's destiny. Where are the Statesmen of his stature today?

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Leaders Meet in Lisbon 1950

Left, Prime Minister of Portugal, His Excellency António de Oliveira Salazar with, right, Su Excelencia el Jefe del Estado Generalísimo Francisco Franco, Caudillo of Spain.

A notable contrast of styles. Salazar, as ever, in a well cut yet plain suit, and Franco in full *Caudillo* pomp!

The Simple Honour the Insane

Dumbocracy always delivers does it not? On April,7, 1926, an Irish woman named Violet Gibson, from Merrion Square, Dublin aimed to assassinate Benito Mussolini, *Il Duce*, as he walked amongst throngs of fascist supporters in the Piazza del Campidoglio in Rome. Depending on which account one reads (my attention was redrawn to this incident by the reader who sent me a full page cutting from the *Irish Post* dated march 6, 2021, for which thanks) the lady fired one to three shots before her gun jammed or she was disarmed. Mussolini was caught by a bullet across the bridge of his nose.

For the fake news hack writing a full page article on this murderous assault in the *Post* "Mussolini is though to have, rather inconveniently moved his head at the moment Gibson pulled the trigger meaning the bullet only grazed his nose."

To honour Violet Gibson, the antifa heroine, Dublin councillors have now backed a proposal to dedicate a plaque in their fair city to the lady and the event. The apparent reasoning being that, and here, again, I quote the *Irish Post* "had she succeeded in hitting her target, Mussolini would have been tossed onto the scrapheap of history, and may not have emboldened other fascist leaders, such as Adolf Hitler, who, inspired by the Italian pioneer of fascism came to power in Germany a decade later."

So "Who Was Violet Gibson?". Some of the facts I print here are drawn again from the very same issue of the *Irish Post.*

Born into a privileged background, (aren't all Antifa?), Gibson was the daughter of 1st Baron Ashbourne who served as Lord High Chancellor of Ireland from 1885 to 1905 and was a friend of Disraeli.

Violet was first committed to a mental asylum in 1922 having been declared insane. This is where privilege comes in. She was "relocated" to live in a convent in Rome with a private nurse. While in Italy her mental state worsened. She became engrossed in esoteric religious and philosophical currents, including mortification and theosophy and was convinced that God wanted her to commit a sacrificial murder.

She managed to fire a pistol into her own chest in February 1925. Obviously surviving for the attempt on *Il Duce.* Mussolini, a compassionate man, had her handed to the British authorities and she died in a Northampton asylum in 1958.

A plaque in Dublin. Thus do the simple honour the insane.

***Candour* Editorial** continued from Front Page...

transphobic (What is that supposed to mean?) and, although not illegal according to Gul, this nevertheless qualified as a 'non-crime hate incident'.

Why, Miller asked, was the unnamed complainant described as a 'victim' if no crime had been committed? More to the point, why was he being investigated at all? The chilling response from PC Mansoor Gul must live on in INFAMY.

"We need to check your thinking."

The following text is from the Fair Cop website run by or on behalf of Mr. Miller. (Visit ***faircop.org.uk***).

"The following week, the assistant chief constable threw his full weight behind his constable, sternly warning about escalation and proportionate action whilst publicly labelling me a transphobe. Just in case I hadn't got the message (I had - I ignored it) Inspector Wilson called, urging me to disengage with public political debate. I reminded him of my Article 10 Rights (See this *EXTRA!*) His response was **'If you don't like it, sue.'** Watch this space."

Of course, and to me somewhat amusingly, Mr. Miller took arrogant Inspector Wilson's 'advice'. (Where is he now?) First using thousands of his own money and later receiving tens of thousands in donations via a *crowdjustice* appeal on the internet. Which is where I am going to leave the story. Sort of...

It seems, at first sight, like a great victory for FREE SPEECH, however, Mr. Harry Mitchell, himself an ex-copper, was only interested in defending LEGAL FREE SPEECH, as the law stood, ***at the very time it began to affected HIM personally*** and he got upset. Fair play. He fought the system and won. With a lot of help. Let us NOT though be told it was what it was NOT!

It was NOT a Victory for Real Free Speech *per se*, as rags such as the Janus-faced *Daily Mail* would have us believe, but only for the already limited and doomed version of so-called LEGAL FREE SPEECH as it existed in January, 2019.

Only when such events impinge on the lives of the most smugly comfortable in our society, and who could be more smugly comfortable than OUR middle-classes, do we hear a bleat or two in defence of FREE SPEECH but never REAL FREE SPEECH.

Followed by more bleating from the Sheeple who have watched the whole scenario unfold before them and kept silent because "it was nothing to do with me" (a lie that, they know deep down within themselves, is a cover for their undiluted and pure cowardice).

Racial nationalists who fought hard on the streets for REAL FREE SPEECH, and here I can only speak for myself, in the 1970's, 80's and 90's, found ourselves the targets of extreme physical violence from the Reds* *and* the police and nothing but vitriol from the lying press and the foul judiciary.

Those of us who became involved in racial nationalism as youngsters in the late seventies and early eighties have proven to be a reasonably durable generation.

The *Prevent* (*Stasi*) operation in the UK openly operates on the premise, even they have got this fact right, that *we, my generation* will die off, in say twenty years, I am fifty-nine now, leaving them the field clear of those who have unchangeable minds or offer too much resistance combined with 'old education' to be worth wasting 'valuable' resources on. ie, we have actually heard of *1984* the book and its author George Orwell (Eric Blair) and know what 'officialdumbs' do not. **ALL.**

*I still wonder, not *if* but, how *many* of the 'reds' we were up against were actually *undercover police* and I **know** that the numbers of state *agent provocateurs* involved in both sides in many demonstrations that become violent (for whatever causes) has hugely increased to this day! They now blend or change the names of the official agencies they work for and will not give a straight answer when asked "Who do you work for?". **WE KNOW.**

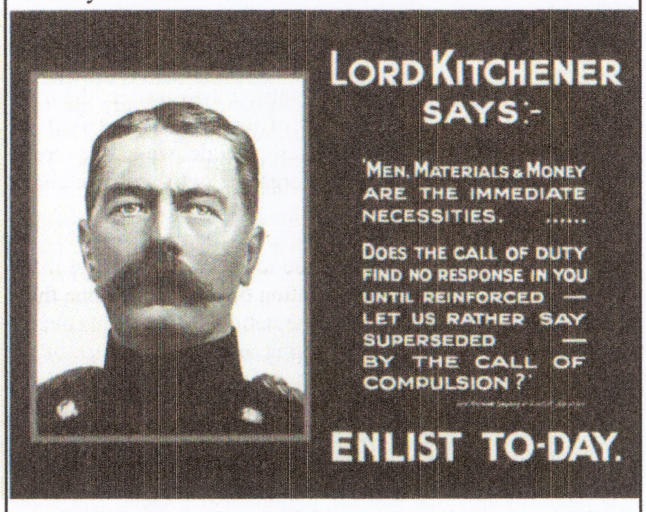
Email the *Candour* Editor at: ***akctrust@yahoo.co.uk***

Beginning in your next 12 page issue of *Candour*

Escape from the Political 'Ghetto': East London Rights for Whites 1990-94. A Comprehensive 3 part account of Tower Hamlets BNP's (almost) single handed revival of British (GB) Nationalism and how it is possible to form a political and cultural bridgehead to the British people.

The "Vaccine" and the Iron Process of Gradualism = another 'voluntary' call to arms!

This writer's chosen position is now refusal to discuss my personal decisions or choice about the "vaccine" with anyone except to ask, whomsoever from 'officialdumb' is enquiring, whether a theoretical refusal would affect a Britons personal freedom in any way, shape, or form. A coherent response I await... The pressure on us all to be injected with 'untested' drugs is increasing and heading the charge are the lügen-presse liberal marxist Main Stream Media (MSM).The language used in the second paragraph of the quote below is fascinating. Apparently it is only a small step from the Call of Duty to Force.


LORD KITCHENER
SAYS:-
'MEN, MATERIALS & MONEY ARE THE IMMEDIATE NECESSITIES. .....
DOES THE CALL OF DUTY FIND NO RESPONSE IN YOU UNTIL REINFORCED — LET US RATHER SAY SUPERSEDED — BY THE CALL OF COMPULSION?'
ENLIST TO-DAY.

***RSVP:* Volunteer before you are 'pressed'!**

"ON READING Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four (as we all should, very often), I was struck by a passage on what he called *Crimestop*, a barrier in the mind which makes people instinctively stop short of thinking dangerously, or committing *Thought Crime*.

This involves failing to understand the simplest arguments, if they are hostile to conventional wisdom."

Peter Hitchens 1/3/2020

On The Psychology Of The Conspiracy Denier:

A closer look at the class that mocks

By Tim Foyle

Why is it that otherwise perfectly intelligent, thoughtful and rationally minded people baulk at the suggestion that sociopaths are conspiring to manipulate and deceive them? And why will they defend this ill-founded position with such vehemence?

History catalogues the machinations of liars, thieves, bullies and narcissists and their devastating effects. In modern times too, evidence of corruption and extraordinary deceptions abound. We know, without question, that politicians lie and hide their connections and that corporations routinely display utter contempt for moral norms - that corruption surrounds us. We know that revolving doors between the corporate and political spheres, the lobbying system, corrupt regulators, the media and judiciary mean that wrongdoing is practically never brought to any semblance of genuine justice. We know that the press makes noise about these matters occasionally but never pursues them with true vigour. We know that in the intelligence services and law enforcement wrongdoing on a breathtaking scale is commonplace and that, again, justice is never forthcoming. We know that governments repeatedly ignore or trample on the rights of the people, and actively abuse and mistreat the people. None of this is controversial.

So exactly what is it that conspiracy deniers refuse to acknowledge with such fervour, righteousness and condescension? Why, against all the evidence, do they sneeringly and contemptuously defend the crumbling illusion that 'the great and good' are up there somewhere, have everything in hand, have only our best interests at heart, and are scrupulous, wise and sincere? That the press serves the people and truth rather than the crooks? That injustice after injustice result from mistakes and oversights, and never from that dread word: conspiracy? What reasonable person would continue to inhabit such a fantasy world? The point of disagreement here is only on the matter of scale. Someone who is genuinely curious about the plans of powerful sociopaths won't limit the scope of their curiosity to, for example, one corporation, or one nation. Why would they? Such a person assumes that the same patterns on display locally are likely to be found all the way up the power food chain. But the conspiracy denier insists this is preposterous. Why?

It is painfully obvious that the pyramidical societal and legal structures that humanity has allowed to develop are exactly the kind of dominance hierarchies that undoubtedly favour the sociopath. A humane being operating with a normal and healthy cooperative mindset has little inclination to take part in the combat necessary to climb a corporate or political ladder. So what do conspiracy deniers imagine the 70 million or more sociopaths in the world do all day, born into a 'game', in which all the wealth and power are at the top of the pyramid, while the most effective attributes for 'winning' are ruthlessness and amorality? Have they never played Monopoly? Sociopaths do not choose their worldview consciously, and are simply unable to comprehend why normal people would put themselves at such an incredible disadvantage by limiting themselves with conscientiousness and empathy, which are as beyond the understanding of the sociopath as a world without them are to the humane being. All the sociopath need do to win in the game is lie publicly whilst conspiring privately. What could be simpler? In 2021, to continue to imagine that the world we inhabit is not largely driven by this dynamic amounts to reckless naivete bordering on insanity. Where does such an inadvertently destructive impulse originate?

The infant child places an innate trust in those it finds itself with - a trust which is, for the most part, essentially justified. The infant could not survive otherwise. In a sane and healthy society, this deep instinct would evolve as the psyche developed. As self-awareness, the cognitive and reasoning abilities and scepticism evolved in the individual, this innate trust impulse would continue to be understood as a central need of the psyche. Shared belief systems would exist to consciously evolve and develop this childish impulse in order to place this faith somewhere consciously - in values and beliefs of lasting meaning and worth to the society, the individual, or, ideally, both. Reverence and respect for tradition, natural forces, ancestors, for reason, truth, beauty, liberty, the innate value of life, or the initiating spirit of all things, might all be considered valid resting places in which to consciously place our trust and faith - as well as those derived from more formalised belief systems.

Regardless of the path taken to evolve and develop a personal faith, it is the bringing of one's own consciousness and cognition to this innate impulse that is relevant here. I believe this is a profound responsibility - to develop and cultivate a mature faith - which many are, understandably, unaware of. What occurs when there is a childish need within us which has never evolved beyond its original survival function of trusting those in our environment who are, simply, the most powerful; the most present and active? When we have never truly explored our own psyches, and deeply interrogated what we truly believe and why? When our motivation for trusting anything or anyone goes unchallenged? When philosophy is left to the philosophers?

I suggest the answer is simple, and that the evidence of this phenomenon and the havoc it is wreaking is all around us: the innate impulse to trust the mother never evolves, never encounters and engages with its counterbalance of reason (or mature faith), and remains forever on its 'default' infant setting. While the immature psyche no longer depends on parents for its well-being, the powerful and motivating core tenet I have described remains intact: unchallenged, unconsidered and undeveloped. And, in a world in which stability and security are distant memories, these survival instincts, rather than being well-honed, considered, relevant, discerning and up to date, remain, quite literally, those of a baby. Trust is placed in the biggest, loudest,

most present and undeniable force around, because instinct decrees that survival depends on it. And, in this great 'world nursery', the most omnipresent force is the network of institutions which consistently project an unearned image of power, calm, expertise, concern and stability.

In my view, this is how conspiracy deniers are able to cling to and aggressively defend the utterly illogical fantasy that somehow - above a certain undefined level of the societal hierarchy - corruption, deceit, malevolence and narcissism mysteriously evaporate. That, contrary to the maxim, the more power a person has, the more integrity they will inevitably exhibit. These poor deluded souls essentially believe that where personal experience and prior knowledge cannot fill in the gaps in their worldview - in short, where there is a barred door - mummy and daddy are behind it, working out how best to ensure that their little precious will be comfortable, happy and safe forever. This is the core, comforting illusion at the root of the conspiracy denier's mindset, the decrepit foundation upon which they build a towering castle of justification from which to pompously jeer at and mock those who see otherwise.

This explains why it is that the conspiracy denier will attack any suggestion that the caregiving archetype is no longer present - that sociopaths are behind the barred door, who hold us all in utter contempt or disregard us completely. The conspiracy denier will attack any such suggestion as viciously as if their survival depended on it - which, in a way, within the makeup of their unconscious and precarious psyche, it does. Their sense of well-being, of security, of comfort, even of a future at all, is completely (and completely unconsciously) invested in this fantasy. The infant has never matured, and, because they are not conscious of this, other than as a deep attachment to their personal security, they will fiercely attack any threat to this unconscious and central aspect of their world view.

The tediously common refrain from the conspiracy denier is, 'there couldn't be a conspiracy that big'. The simple retort to such a self-professed expert on conspiracies is obvious: how big? The biggest 'medical' corporations in the world can go for decades treating the settling of court cases as mere business expenses, for crimes ranging from the suppressing of adverse test events to multiple murders resulting from undeclared testing to colossal environmental crimes. Governments perform the vilest and most unthinkable 'experiments' (crimes) on their own people without consequence. Politicians habitually lie to our faces, without consequence. And on and on. At what point, exactly, does a conspiracy become so big that 'they' just couldn't get away with it, and why? I suggest it's at the point where the cognitive ability of the conspiracy denier falters, and their unconscious survival instinct kicks in. The point at which the intellect becomes overwhelmed with the scope of events and the instinct is to settle back into the familiar comforting faith known and cultivated since the first moment one's lips found the nipple. The faith that someone else is dealing with it - that where the world becomes unknown to us, a powerful and benevolent human authority exists in which we have only to place our faith unconditionally in order to guarantee eternal emotional security. This dangerous delusion may be the central factor placing humanity's physical security and future in the hands of sociopaths.

To anyone in the habit of dismissing people who are questioning, investigative and sceptical as tin foil hat wearing, paranoid, science-denying Trump supporters, the question is: what do you believe in? Where have you placed your faith and why? How is it that while no one trusts governments, you appear to trust nascent global governance organisations without question? How is this rational? If you are placing faith in such organisations, consider that in the modern global age, these organisations, as extraordinarily well presented as they are, are simply grander manifestations of the local versions we know we can't trust. They are not our parents and demonstrate no loyalty to humane values. There is no reason to place any faith whatsoever in any of them. If you haven't consciously developed a faith or questioned why you believe as you do to some depth, such a position might seem misanthropic, but in truth, it is the opposite. These organisations have not earned your trust with anything other than PR money and glossy lies. True power remains, as ever, with the people.

There is a reason why Buddhists strongly advise the placing of one's faith in the Dharma, or the natural law of life, rather than in persons, and that similar refrains are common in other belief systems. Power corrupts. And, in the world today, misplaced and unfounded trust could well be one of the greatest sources of power there is.

Massive criminal conspiracies exist. The evidence is overwhelming. The scope of those currently underway is unknown, but there is no reason to imagine, in the new global age, that the sociopathic quest for power or the possession of the resources required to move towards it is diminishing. Certainly not while dissent is mocked and censored into silence by gatekeepers, 'useful idiots', and conspiracy deniers, who are, in fact, directly colluding with the sociopathic agenda through their unrelenting attack on those who would shine a light on wrongdoing. It is every humane being's urgent responsibility to expose sociopathic agendas wherever they exist - never to attack those who seek to do so. Now, more than ever, it is time to put away childish things, and childish impulses, and to stand up as adults to protect the future of the actual children who have no choice but to trust us with their lives.

This essay has focused on what I consider to be the deepest psychological driver of conspiracy denial. There are certainly others, such as the desire to be accepted; the avoidance of knowledge of, and engagement with, the internal and external shadow; the preservation of a positive and righteous self-image: a generalised version of the 'flying monkey' phenomenon, in which a self-interested and vicious class protect themselves by coalescing around the bully; the subtle unconscious adoption of the sociopathic world view (e.g. 'humanity is the virus'); outrage addiction/ superiority complex/ status games; a stunted or unambitious intellect that finds validation through maintaining the status quo; the dissociative protective mechanism of imagining that crimes and horrors committed repeatedly within our lifetime are somehow not happening now, not 'here'; and plain old fashioned laziness and cowardice. My suggestion is that, to some degree, all of these build on the foundation of the primary cause I've outlined here.

Printed with thanks to Tim Foyle whose website is:
www.reportingforbeauty.com

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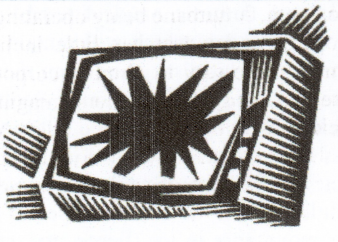


Charles Kingsley's Prelude to Hereward - The Last Englishman

The heroic deeds of Highlanders, both in these islands and elsewhere, have been told in verse and prose, and not more often, nor more loudly, than they deserve. But we must remember, now and then, that there have been heroes likewise in the lowland and in the fen. Why, however, poets have so seldom sung of them; why no historian, save Mr. Motley in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," has condescended to tell the tale of their doughty deeds, is a question not difficult to answer.

In the first place, they have been fewer in number. The lowlands of the world, being the richest spots, have been generally the soonest conquered, the soonest civilized, and therefore the soonest taken out of the sphere of romance and wild adventure, into that of order and law, hard work and common sense, as well as—too often—into the sphere of slavery, cowardice, luxury, and ignoble greed. The lowland populations, for the same reasons, have been generally the first to deteriorate, though not on account of the vices of civilization. The vices of incivilization are far worse, and far more destructive of human life; and it is just because they are so, that rude tribes deteriorate physically less than polished nations. In the savage struggle for life, none but the strongest, healthiest, cunningest, have a chance of living, prospering, and propagating their race. In the civilized state, on the contrary, the weakliest and the silliest, protected by law, religion, and humanity, have chance likewise, and transmit to their offspring their own weakliness or silliness. In these islands, for instance, at the time of the Norman Conquest, the average of man was doubtless superior, both in body and mind, to the average of man now, simply because the weaklings could not have lived at all; and the rich and delicate beauty, in which the women of the Eastern Counties still surpass all other races in these isles, was doubtless far more common in proportion to the numbers of the population.

Another reason—and one which every Scot will understand—why lowland heroes "carent vate sacro," is that the lowlands and those who live in them are wanting in the poetic and romantic elements. There is in the lowland none of that background of the unknown, fantastic, magical, terrible, perpetually feeding curiosity and wonder, which still remains in the Scottish highlands; which, when it disappears from thence, will remain embalmed forever in the pages of Walter Scott. Against that half-magical background his heroes stand out in vivid relief; and justly so. It was not put there by him for stage purposes; it was there as a fact; and the men of whom he wrote were conscious of it, were moulded by it, were not ashamed of its influence. Nature among the mountains is too fierce, too strong, for man. He cannot conquer her, and she awes him. He cannot dig down the cliffs, or chain the storm-blasts; and his fear of them takes bodily shape: he begins to people the weird places of the earth with weird beings, and sees nixes in the dark linns as he fishes by night, dwarfs in the caves where he digs, half-trembling, morsels of copper and iron for his weapons, witches and demons on the snow-blast which overwhelms his herd and his hut, and in the dark clouds which brood on the untrodden mountain-peak. He lives in fear: and yet, if he be a valiant-hearted man, his fears do him little harm. They may break out, at times, in witch-manias, with all their horrible suspicions, and thus breed cruelty, which is the child of fear; but on the whole they rather produce in man thoughtfulness, reverence, a sense, confused yet precious, of the boundless importance of the unseen world. His superstitions develop his imagination; the moving accidents of a wild life call out in him sympathy and pathos; and the mountaineer becomes instinctively a poet.

The lowlander, on the other hand, has his own strength, his own "virtues," or manfulnesses, in the good old sense of the word: but they are not for the most part picturesque or even poetical.

He finds out, soon enough for his weal and his bane, that he is stronger than Nature; and right tyrannously and irreverently he lords it over her, clearing, delving, diking, building, without fear or shame. He knows of no natural force greater than himself, save an occasional thunder-storm; and against that, as he grows more cunning, he insures his crops. Why should he reverence Nature? Let him use her, and eat. One cannot blame him. Man was sent into the world (so says the Scripture) to fill and subdue the earth. But he was sent into the world for other purposes, which the lowlander is but too apt to forget. With the awe of Nature, the awe of the unseen dies out in him. Meeting with no visible superior, he is apt to become not merely unpoetical and irreverent, but somewhat of a sensualist and an atheist. The sense of the beautiful dies out in him more and more. He has little or nothing around him to refine or lift up his soul, and unless he meet with a religion and with a civilization which can deliver him, he may sink into that dull brutality which is too common among the lowest classes of the English lowlands, and remain for generations gifted with the strength and industry of the ox, and with the courage of the lion, and, alas! with the intellect of the former, and the self-restraint of the latter.

But there may be a period in the history of a lowland race when they, too, become historic for a while. There was such a period for the men of the Eastern Counties; for they proved it by their deeds.

When the men of Wessex, the once conquering race of Britain, fell at Hastings once and for all, and struck no second blow, then the men of the Danelagh disdained to yield to the Norman invader. For seven long years they held their own, not knowing, like true Englishmen, when they were beaten; and fought on desperate, till there were none left to fight. Their bones lay white on every island in the fens; their corpses rotted on gallows beneath every Norman keep; their few survivors crawled into monasteries, with eyes picked out, or hands and feet cut off, or took to the wild wood as strong outlaws, like their successors and representatives, Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslee. But they never really bent their necks to the Norman yoke; they kept alive in their hearts that proud spirit of personal independence, which they brought with them from the moors of Denmark and the dales of Norway; and they kept alive, too, though in abeyance for

a while, those free institutions which were without a doubt the germs of our British liberty.

They were a changed folk since first they settled in that Danelagh;—since first in the days of King Beorhtric, "in the year 787, three ships of Northmen came from Haeretha land, and the King's reeve rode to the place, and would have driven them up to the King's town, for he knew not what men they were: but they slew him there and then"; and after the Saxons and Angles began to find out to their bitter bale what men they were, those fierce Vikings out of the dark northeast.
But they had long ceased to burn farms, sack convents, torture monks for gold, and slay every human being they met, in mere Berserker lust of blood. No Barnakill could now earn his nickname by entreating his comrades, as they tossed the children on their spear-points, to "Na kill the barns." Gradually they had settled down on the land, intermarried with the Angles and Saxons, and colonized all England north and east of Watling Street (a rough line from London to Chester), and the eastern lowlands of Scotland likewise. Gradually they had deserted Thor and Odin for "the White Christ"; had their own priests and bishops, and built their own minsters. The convents which the fathers had destroyed, the sons, or at least the grandsons, rebuilt; and often, casting away sword and axe, they entered them as monks themselves; and Peterborough, Ely, and above all Crowland, destroyed by them in Alfred's time with a horrible destruction, had become their holy places, where they decked the altars with gold and jewels, with silks from the far East, and furs from the far North; and where, as in sacred fortresses, they, and the liberty of England with them, made their last unavailing stand.

For a while they had been lords of all England. The Anglo-Saxon race was wearing out. The men of Wessex, priest-ridden, and enslaved by their own aristocracy, quailed before the free Norsemen, among whom was not a single serf. The God-descended line of Cerdic and Alfred was worn out. Vain, incapable, profligate kings, the tools of such prelates as Odo and Dunstan, were no match for such wild heroes as Thorkill the tall, or Olaf Trygvasson, or Swend Forkbeard. The Danes had gradually colonized, not only their own Danelagh and Northumbria, but great part of Wessex. Vast sums of Danegelt were yearly sent out of the country to buy off the fresh invasions which were perpetually threatened. Then Ethelred the Unready, Ethelred Evil-counsel, advised himself to fulfil his name, and the curse which Dunstan had pronounced against him at the baptismal font. By his counsel the men of Wessex rose against the unsuspecting Danes, and on St. Brice's eve, A.D. 1002, murdered them all with tortures, man, woman, and child. It may be that they only did to the children as the fathers had done to them: but the deed was "worse than a crime; it was a mistake." The Danes of the Danelagh and of Northumbria, their brothers of Denmark and Norway, the Orkneys and the east coast of Ireland, remained unharmed. A mighty host of Vikings poured from thence into England the very next year, under Swend Forkbeard and the great Canute; and after thirteen fearful campaigns came the great battle of Assingdown in Essex, where "Canute had the victory; and all the English nation fought against him, and all the nobility of the English race was there destroyed."

That same year saw the mysterious death of Edmund Ironside, the last man of Cerdic's race worthy of the name. For the next twenty-five years, Danish kings ruled from the Forth to the Land's End.

A noble figure he was, that great and wise Canute, the friend of the famous Godiva, and Leofric, Godiva's husband, and Siward Biorn, the conqueror of Macbeth; trying to expiate by justice and mercy the dark deeds of his bloodstained youth; trying (and not in vain) to blend the two races over which he ruled; rebuilding the churches and monasteries which his father had destroyed; bringing back in state to Canterbury the body of Archbishop Elphege—not unjustly called by the Saxons martyr and saint—whom Tall Thorkill's men had murdered with beef bones and ox-skulls, because he would not give up to them the money destined for God's poor; rebuking, as every child has heard, his housecarles' flattery by setting his chair on the brink of the rising tide; and then laying his golden crown, in token of humility, on the high altar of Winchester, never to wear it more. In Winchester lie his bones unto this day, or what of them the civil wars have left: and by him lie the bones of his son Hardicanute, in whom, as in his half-brother Harold Harefoot before him, the Danish power fell to swift decay, by insolence and drink and civil war; and with the Danish power England fell to pieces likewise.

Canute had divided England into four great earldoms, each ruled, under him, by a jarl, or earl—a Danish, not a Saxon title.

At his death in 1036, the earldoms of Northumbria and East Anglia—the more strictly Danish parts—were held by a true Danish hero, Siward Biorn, alias Digre "the Stout", conqueror of Macbeth, and son of the Fairy Bear; proving his descent, men said, by his pointed and hairy ears.

Mercia, the great central plateau of England, was held by Earl Leofric, husband of the famous Lady Godiva.

Wessex, which Canute had at first kept in his own hands, had passed into those of the famous Earl Godwin, the then ablest man in England. Possessed of boundless tact and cunning, gifted with an eloquence which seems, from the accounts remaining of it, to have been rather that of a Greek than an Englishman; himself of high—perhaps of royal—Sussex blood (for the story of his low birth seems a mere fable of his French enemies), and married first to Canute's sister, and then to his niece, he was fitted, alike by fortunes and by talents, to be the king-maker which he became.

Such a system may have worked well as long as the brain of a hero was there to overlook it all. But when that brain was turned to dust, the history of England became, till the Norman Conquest, little more than the history of the rivalries of the two great houses of Godwin and Leofric.

Leofric had the first success in king-making. He, though bearing a Saxon name, was the champion of the Danish party and of Canute's son, or reputed son, Harold Harefoot; and he succeeded, by the help of the "Thanes north of Thames," and the "lithsmen of London," which city was more than half Danish in those days, in setting his puppet on the throne. But the blood of Canute had exhausted itself. Within seven years Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute, who succeeded him, had died as foully as they lived; and Godwin's turn had come.

He, though married to a Danish princess, and acknowledging his Danish connection by the Norse names which were borne by his three most famous sons, Harold, Sweyn, and Tostig, constituted himself the champion of the men of Wessex and the house of Cerdic. He had murdered, or at least caused to be murdered, horribly, Alfred the Etheling, King Ethelred's son and heir-apparent, when it seemed his interest to support the claims of Hardicanute against Harefoot. He now found little difficulty in persuading his victim's younger brother to come to England, and become at once his king, his son-in-law and his puppet.

Edward the Confessor, if we are to believe the monks whom he pampered, was naught but virtue and piety, meekness and magnanimity,—a model ruler of men. Such a model ruler he was, doubtless, as monks would be glad to see on every throne; because while he rules his subjects, they rule him. No wonder, therefore, that (according to William of Malmesbury) the happiness of his times (famed as he was both for miracles and the spirit of prophecy) "was revealed in a dream to Brithwin, Bishop of Wilton, who made it public"; who, meditating in King Canute's time on "the near extinction of the royal race of the English," was "rapt up on high, and saw St. Peter consecrating Edward king. His chaste life also was pointed out, and the exact period of his reign (twenty-four years) determined; and, when inquiring about his posterity, it was answered, 'The kingdom of the English belongs to God. After you, He will provide a king according to his pleasure.'" But those who will look at the facts will see in the holy Confessor's character little but what is pitiable, and in his reign little but what is tragical.

Civil wars, invasions, outlawry of Godwin and his sons by the Danish party; then of Alfgar, Leofric's son, by the Saxon party; the outlaws on either side attacking and plundering the English shores by the help of Norsemen, Welshmen, Irish, and Danes,—any mercenaries who could be got together; and then,—"In the same year Bishop Aldred consecrated the minster at Gloucester to the glory of God and of St. Peter, and then went to Jerusalem with such splendor as no man had displayed before him"; and so forth. The sum and substance of what was done in those "happy times" may be well described in the words of the Anglo-Saxon chronicler for the year 1058. "This year Alfgar the earl was banished; but he came in again with violence, through aid of Griffin (the king of North Wales, his brother-in-law). And this year came a fleet from Norway. It is tedious to tell how these matters went." These were the normal phenomena of a reign which seemed, to the eyes of monks, a holy and a happy one; because the king refused, whether from spite or superstition, to have an heir to the house of Cerdic, and spent his time between prayer, hunting, the seeing of fancied visions, the uttering of fancied prophecies, and the performance of fancied miracles.

But there were excuses for him. An Englishman only in name,—a Norman, not only of his mother's descent (she was aunt of William the Conqueror), but by his early education on the Continent,—he loved the Norman better than the Englishman; Norman knights and clerks filled his court, and often the high dignities of his provinces, and returned as often as expelled; the Norman-French language became fashionable; Norman customs and manners the signs of civilization; and thus all was preparing steadily for the great catastrophe, by which, within a year of Edward's death, the Norman became master of the land.

Perhaps it ought to have been so. Perhaps by no other method could England, and, with England, Scotland, and in due time Ireland, have become partakers of that classic civilization and learning, the fount whereof, for good and for evil, was Rome and the Pope of Rome: but the method was at least wicked; the actors in it tyrannous, brutal, treacherous, hypocritical; and the conquest of England by William will remain to the end of time a mighty crime, abetted—one may almost say made possible, as too many such crimes have been before and since—by the intriguing ambition of the Pope of Rome.

Against that tyranny the free men of the Danelagh and of Northumbria rose. If Edward, the descendant of Cerdic, had been little to them, William, the descendant of Rollo, was still less. That French-speaking knights should expel them from their homes, French-chanting monks from their convents, because Edward had promised the crown of England to William, his foreign cousin, or because Harold Godwinsson of Wessex had sworn on the relics of all the saints to be William's man, was contrary to their common-sense of right and reason.

So they rose and fought: too late, it may be, and without unity or purpose; and they were worsted by an enemy who had both unity and purpose; whom superstition, greed, and feudal discipline kept together, at least in England, in one compact body of unscrupulous and terrible confederates.

But theirs was a land worth fighting for,—a good land and large: from Humber mouth inland to the Trent and merry Sherwood, across to Chester and the Dee, round by Leicester and the five burghs of the Danes; eastward again to Huntingdon and Cambridge (then a poor village on the site of an old Roman town); and then northward again into the wide fens, the land of the Girvii and the Eormingas, "the children of the peat-bog," where the great central plateau of England slides into the sea, to form, from the rain and river washings of eight shires, lowlands of a fertility inexhaustible, because ever-growing to this day.

They have a beauty of their own, these great fens, even now, when they are diked and drained, tilled and fenced,—a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Much more had they that beauty eight hundred years ago, when they were still, for the most part, as God had made them, or rather was making them even then. The low rolling uplands were clothed in primeval forest: oak and ash, beech and elm, with here and there, perhaps, a group of ancient pines, ragged and decayed, and fast dying out in England even then; though lingering still in the forests of the Scotch highlands.

Between the forests were open wolds, dotted with white sheep and golden gorse; rolling plains of rich though ragged turf, whether cleared by the hand of man or by the wild fires which often swept over the hills. And between the wood and the wold stood many a Danish "town," with its clusters of low straggling buildings round the holder's house, stone or mud below, and wood above; its high dikes round tiny fields; its flocks of sheep ranging on the wold; its herds of swine in the forest; and below, a more precious possession still,—its herds of mares and colts, which fed with the cattle in the rich grass-fen.

For always, from the foot of the wolds, the green flat stretched away, illimitable, to an horizon where, from the roundness of the earth, the distant trees and islands were hulled down like ships at sea. The firm horse-fen lay, bright green, along the foot of the wold; beyond it, the browner peat, or deep fen; and among it, dark velvet alder beds, long lines of reed-rond, emerald in spring, and golden under the autumn sun; shining river-reaches; broad meres dotted with a million fowl, while the cattle waded along their edges after the rich sedge-grass, or wallowed in the mire through the hot summer's day. Here and there, too, upon the far horizon, rose a tall line of ashen trees, marking some island of firm rich soil. Here and there, too, as at Ramsey and Crowland, the huge ashes had disappeared before the axes of the monks, and a minster tower rose over the fen, amid orchards, gardens, cornfields, pastures, with here and there a tree left standing for shade. "Painted with flowers in the spring," with "pleasant shores embosomed in still lakes," as the monk-chronicler of Ramsey has it, those islands seemed to such as the monk terrestrial paradises.

Overhead the arch of heaven spread more ample than elsewhere, as over the open sea; and that vastness gave, and still gives, such "effects" of cloudland, of sunrise, and sunset, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles. They might well have been star worshippers, those Girvii, had their sky been as clear as that of the East: but they were like to have worshipped the clouds rather than the stars, according to the too universal law, that mankind worship the powers which do them harm, rather than the powers which do them good.

And therefore the Danelagh men, who feared not mortal sword, or axe, feared witches, ghosts, Pucks, Will-o'-the-Wisps, were-wolves, spirits of the wells and of the trees, and all dark, capricious, and harmful beings whom their fancy conjured up out of the wild, wet, and unwholesome marshes, or the dark wolf-haunted woods. For that fair land, like all things on earth, had its darker aspect. The foul exhalations of autumn called up fever and ague, crippling and enervating, and tempting, almost compelling, to that wild and desperate drinking which was the Scandinavian's special sin. Dark and sad were those short autumn days, when all the distances were shut off, and the air choked with foul brown fog and drenching rains from off the eastern sea; and pleasant the bursting forth of the keen north-east wind, with all its whirling snowstorms. For though it sent men hurrying out into the storm, to drive the cattle in from the fen, and lift the sheep out of the snow-wreaths, and now and then never to return, lost in mist and mire, in ice and snow;—yet all knew that after the snow would come the keen frost and the bright sun and cloudless blue sky, and the fenman's yearly holiday, when, work being impossible, all gave themselves up to play, and swarmed upon the ice on skates and sledges, and ran races, township against township, or visited old friends full forty miles away; and met everywhere faces as bright and ruddy as their own, cheered by the keen wine of that dry and bracing frost.

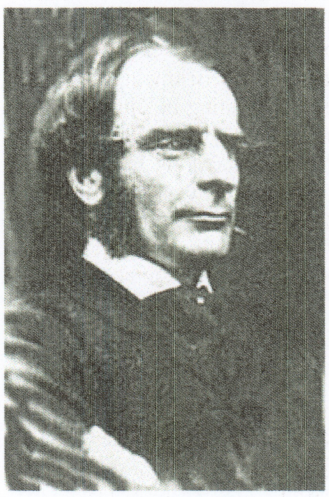
Such was the Fenland; hard, yet cheerful; rearing a race of hard and cheerful men; showing their power in old times in valiant fighting, and for many a century since in that valiant industry which has drained and embanked the land of the Girvii, till it has become a very "Garden of the Lord." And the Scotsman who may look from the promontory of Peterborough, the "golden borough" of old time; or from the tower of Crowland, while Hereward and Torfrida sleep in the ruined nave beneath; or from the heights of that Isle of Ely which was so long "the camp of refuge" for English freedom; over the labyrinth of dikes and lodes, the squares of rich corn and verdure,—will confess that the lowland, as well as the highland, can at times breed gallant men. [Footnote: The story of Hereward (often sung by minstrels

From *Epics of the Fancy* by Jeffery Farnol

The bare fist is pre-eminently the Anglo-Saxon's weapon, and surely an honester weapon never was or will be: For saith the bard:

Scorning all treacherous feud and deadly strife,
The dark stilleto and the deadly knife,
We boast a science sprung from manly pride
Linked with true courage and to health allied -
A noble pastime, void of vain pretence,
The fine, old English art of self defence.

Charles Kingsley
1819 - 1875



Charles Kingsley was an important figure in the centre of the Victorian age.
A Church of England parson, novelist, Christian Socialist, Protestant controversialist, "muscular Christian", poet and amateur naturalist.
Perhaps best known publicly for his novel *The Water Babies* published in 1862. In that work Kingsley touched upon most of his favourite themes: the working conditions of the poor, in this case those of child chimney sweeps; education; sanitation and public health; pollution of rivers and streams; ('our' modern day environmentalists do like to tell the world they have invented the wheel!); and evolutionary theory. In the book's central character's spiritual regeneration, Kingsley presents a vision of nature as the tool of divine reality, which Thomas Carlyle and F.D. Maurice had taught him underlies the imperfect human world. Viewing nature as governed by a redemptive spirit allowed Kingsley to remain untroubled by Darwinism.
Kingsley was long at loggerheads with John Henry Newman and Catholicism.*
The year 1864 was noteworthy for the publication of *The Roman and the Teuton*, a historical study which anticipates *Hereward the Wake*. Both of these works, and others, presented either as fiction or as history, extol bluff Germanic strength at the expense of effete and treacherous Latin civilization. If one also considers Kingsley's earlier portrayal of Spaniards in *Westward Ho!* (The place is named after the book and not vice versa!)**, one sees his consistent presentation of Rome's Catholic descendants as treacherous and effeminate.
In 1865 Kingsley published his final novel serially in the monthly journal *Good Words*. In 1866 it was published in two volumes as *Hereward the Wake, "Last of the English"*. A heavily researched and footnoted novel, he marks the passing of the Anglo-Saxon heroic age as the last Anglo-Saxon holdout against the Normans succumbs to William the Conqueror, more correctly called by the English, William the Bastard.
Again Kingsley admires German-English muscularity in sharp contrast with Continental guile.
Charles Kingsley, in the photograph used here for example will seem to many to be the archetypal granite faced, unbending, Victorian parson and patriarch.
Behind that image was a man who fought to improve the conditions of the poorest in the new industrial society whilst not forgetting the plight of the agricultural labourers.

*Charles Kingsley was a bitter enemy of the Roman Church and her adherents and this would have coloured his attitudes toward historical events and their protaganists.

**Westward Ho!, in Devon, England, is noted for its unusual place name and exclamation mark. The name comes from the title of Charles Kingsley's 1885 novel *Westward Ho!* Which was set in nearby Bideford. Property developers seized on the name soon after!

* * * *

Judy: Prisoner of War of the Japanese

Judy, a purebred pointer, was the mascot of two RN ships stationed on the Yangtse, and was captured by the Japanese in 1942 and taken to a prison camp. There she met Aircraftsman Frank Williams, who shared his small portion of rice with her.

Judy raised morale in the POW camp, and also barked when poisonous snakes, crocodiles or even tigers approached the prisoners. When the POW's were shipped back to Singapore, she was smuggled out in a rice sack, never whimpering or betraying her presence to the guards.

The next day that ship was torpedoed. Williams pushed Judy out of a porthole in an attempt to save her life, even though there was a fifteen foot drop to the sea. He made his own escape from the ship, but was then recaptured and sent to another POW camp.

He didn't know if Judy had survived but soon he began hearing stories about a dog helping drowning men reach pieces of debris after the shipwreck. When Williams arrived at the new camp, he said: "I couldn't believe my eyes! As I walked through the gate a scraggly dog hit me square between the shoulders and knocked me over. I'd never been so glad to see the old girl!"

They spent a year together at that camp in Sumatra. "Judy saved my life in so many ways," said Williams. "But the greatest of all was giving me a reason to live. All I had to do was look into those weary, bloodshot eyes and ask myself: 'What would happen to her if I died?' I had to keep going."

Once hostilities ceased, Judy was then smuggled aboard a troopship heading back to Liverpool. In England she was awarded the Dickin Medal (the "Victoria Cross" for animals) in May 1946. Her citation reads: "For magnificent courage and endurance in Japanese prison camps, which helped to maintain morale among her fellow prisoners, and also for saving many lives through her intelligence and watchfulness".

At the same time Frank Williams was awarded the PDSA's White Cross of St. Giles for his devotion to Judy. Frank and Judy spent a year after the war visiting the relatives of English POW's who had not survived and Frank said that Judy "always provided a comforting presence to the families."

Frank moved to Tanzania afterwards where, of course, Judy went too. She died in 1950. A very well traveled and loyal hound.

When Judy died at thirteen Frank spent two months building a granite and marble memorial in her memory.

Cats and Dogs

More stories of our best friends to come in future issues of *Candour*.

Right; Colin Todd and Boudicca, rescue Staffie cross. (Late *Candour* dog) **Below left**; unknown Able Seadog on a wartime RN ship. (Better looking than most of my old shipmates! *Ed.*) **Below right**; Able Seacat Simon of HMS Ameythst. Awarded Dicken Medal after *Yangtse Incident*, 1949.

THE TRAGEDY OF A WEST END CLUB

Good God, Colonel, I believe Lord Goldschild saw it!

Son of Spartacus

To understand this story it may be a prerequisite to have seen the movie *Spartacus* (1960).

Kirk Douglas the actor, when he died at 103, had been predeceased by his stand up comedian son Eric, who once flopped at London's Comedy Store, bitterly complaining: 'Don't you know who I am? I'm Kirk Douglas's son!' One by one, audience members stood up and declared: 'No, I'm Kirk Douglas's son...'

Email from Alison Chabloz in HMP Bronzefield received April 22nd

For some time there has been 'bad blood' between Ms Chabloz and some others in Revisionism. *Candour's* Editor believes, in the interests of free speech and fair play, in giving Ms Chabloz an opportunity to have her say.

As an update Ms Chabloz was jailed on March 31st for 18 weeks for, I believe, a breach of a previous suspended sentence. That would mean 9 weeks inside and 9 weeks on probation licence on the outside.

Given the uncertainties around Ms Chabloz's situation we are not going to republish her prison address at present. By the time this issue is in circulation the lady maybe out on probation.

Keep your eyes open for updates.

Dear Colin,

Thanks for your email.

Extraordinary that I am here, whereas others can waltz off to Dresden, give speeches to local TV and in public, "denying" the big "h", and face absolutely no legal consequences. Lucky for some!

My sentence is the modern equivalent of the proverbial "pound of flesh" and my accusers are seeking more, if they are to personally persuade the Attorney General to grant retrospective consent...

As we are all well aware;

"*In this life/ One thing counts/ In the bank/ Large amounts.*"*

We will see next week if I am released early "on tag" or whether I am further remanded for another "*crime de musique.*"

Alison Chabloz

* The quoted lines are from the song *You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two* from the musical *Oliver!* by Lionel Bart based on the Charles Dickens novel *Oliver Twist*. Indeed the perfect theme song for the International Banksters and their puppet politicians. I can see Boris as the Artful Dodger dancing along to this outside the thieves den of No. 10.
You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two Boys!
Got to pick a pocket or two.
Who to play Fagin? Sir Philip Green? Other nominations to the *Editor.*

Hi Colin,

I just finished my "detailed" reading of *Candour* 875 and I say it is a SMASHING edition.

Loved the St. George image on the front page. WOW! What a banner that would make!

Great photograph of you and John Harwood back in the days of moaning Maggie Thatcher. 1984.

The ENEMY is DEAD on its feet. Lurching along from Lie to Lie! Lots of their senior officers know this is true.

I will continue to support *Candour.*

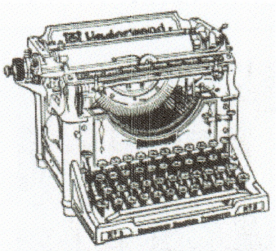
Welcome back to the fight!

Yuri from Missouri

Reply: Naturally, I could not agree more Yuri! Certainly some striking *Candour* banners must be designed now. Ideas readers? We can cost and prepare ideas. Send your designs into *Candour. Editor.*

"One of the most horrible features of war is that all the WAR PROPAGANDA, all the screaming and lies and hatred, comes invariably from people who are *NOT* fighting."

George Orwell, 1938.



Your Letters To *Candour*

email:
akctrust@yahoo.co.uk

The Editor
BM Candour,
London,
WC1N 3XX, U.K.

As we are into another 'unlocking' situation this recent communication from Hereward More is timely:

The Dead End

After many months of spreading alarm and despondency - which those who like to engage in playing at war ought to remember is in wartime treated as an offence of giving succour to the enemy, and punished accordingly - the Government now finds that reality is beginning to bite, so it has decided, like Corporal Jones of *Dad's Army*, to tell people not to panic and to go back to the office.

Many people however, whatever they may think about the risks of disease, have realised that they, or perhaps their employees are quite simply not needed in the office on a regular basis; they can work from home and go into town only for the odd meeting. Yet that cannot be allowed to happen because many tens of thousands, even millions, of service sector jobs rely upon a customer base comprised of office workers, so back to the office all must go.

This is sheer unadulterated nonsense. The government wishes people to waste hours commuting to workplaces way from home to prop up the dead end jobs of other commuters paid less than they are, and who themselves depend on other service sector workers and, quite often, on rented property too. Nobody generally profits from any of this tomfoolery although some speculators do make money from it.

To work from home is to have control of one's own time and to be free to maximise time spent on food production and other self-sufficiency projects. The way to building a nation of home-schooling smallholder families connected to various kinds of paid employment via modern technology lies clear before us. We may have a pious, peaceable and prosperous agrarian commonwealth, or we may stick with the modern socialist state.

Empire Loyalism or wage slavery. The choice is simple, the choice is stark, the choice is one for which we must fight until that choice has been made decisively.

Hereward More

Hello Colin,
Thank you for sending me the latest (875) issue of *Candour.*
I hope you are well and nice to see you back.
Very sad to hear about the passing away of Eddy Morrison, Richard Edmonds, John Harwood and Tom Metzger.
As my late great father would say, "We fight on!"

B. D. London

Reply. As your father would say B.D. "We fight on!" That is what Britons were made for. That is why our enemies hide behind their endless 'laws', Fake News, shyster lawyers, QC's and lines of Robocops. This when we have not yet BEGUN TO SPEAK! *Editor.*

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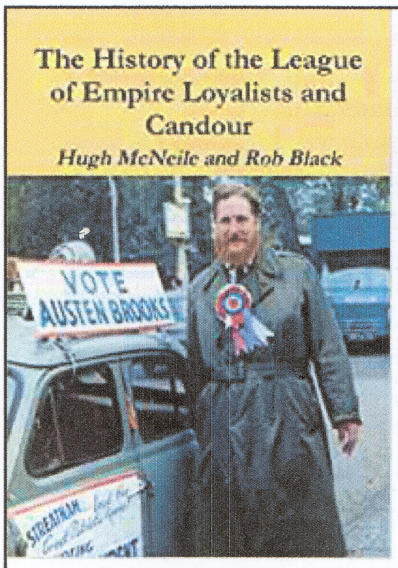

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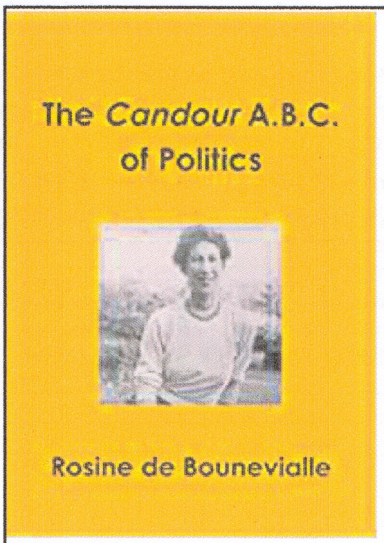

The *Candour* A.B.C. of Politics
by Rosine De Bounevialle

The *Candour* A.B.C. of Politics was originally serialised in *Candour* between August 1989 and August 1995. It was always intended to publish in book form the text that our late editor Miss Rosine de Bounevialle referred to as her "only literary baby" but it was not to be in her lifetime.
The text is an idiosyncratic and wonderful testament of her values.
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CANDOUR *Extra!*

876 June-July Subscribers Only

OUR LEGACY

Subscribers will remember that in the last *Extra!* (875) I gave a pointer about how much attention A.K. Chesterton is receiving from some quarters. Such as a couple of recent titles appearing under the banner of the ROUTLEDGE imprint which feature AK. The list of people who ask for our cooperation for their 'projects' grows.

Here is a passage from *Failed Führers* by Graham Macklin with a comment or two afterwards by myself, Colin Todd.

"And herein lies Chesterton's legacy, one which he grappled to perpetuate even as he lay dying. Having invested twenty years of his life in *Candour*, Chesterton's principal concern was to ensure its continuance beyond his passing. 'It would considerably distress me if I thought that everything I had tried to do ended with my own end', he wrote. He need not have worried. His loyal acolyte Rosine de Bounevialle continued publishing *Candour* until her own death in 1999, after which the torch passed to Colin Todd, a former NF activist, who continues to publish it today.

In 2018, *Candour* celebrated its sixty-fifth year of continuous publication, making it Britain's longest running right-wing journal."*

Accurate but in no way do a couple of paragraphs begin to understand or describe the true lineage of *Candour*.

Those that AK had believed would continue *Candour* in the words of Miss Rosine "Collapsed like a house of cards. Colin dear, it was dreadful to see. They were nothing without AK! Nothing!"

Miss Rosine de Bounevialle picked the *Candour* banner up from the dust and with no experience learned the publishing business.

Candour is much more than a relic from the past that has somehow survived against staggering odds. It is *OURS* . *Yours* as much as it is mine and we all have much to say. Don't we?

On the subject of interest in AK a film making company recently approached us.

"I am contacting you from the multi-award winning television company *Sandpaper Films*. We have been commissioned by *Channel 4* to make a documentary series about the British Empire and how it has shaped Britain today.

We'd like to focus on some key figures in history and are particularly interested in AK Chesterton. I am getting in touch because I'd like to learn more about his legacy and the work you are doing at *Candour* and the *AK Chesterton Trust*."

I declined the offer to have anything to do with this outfit which is run by a Mr. Henry Singer.

We increasingly write our own history where we can. As with the forthcoming series on the ***Rights for Whites*** campaign in the early 1990's. (See our next issue).

* 'Right wing' is a meaningless phrase. In response to the phrase 'right wing' Rosine would always reply "I am right as opposed to wrong but *NOT* right wing."

More Meaningless "Rights"

Article 10 Freedom of Expression

In this issues Editorial, page 3, column 1, para 3, Mr Miller raised the matter of his rights under Article 10 of the ECHR (European Convention on Human Rights).

Originally proposed by the odious windbag Winston Churchill and drafted mainly by 'British' lawyers. (Predecessors of the firm of Shyster, Shyster and O'Callaghan of Marble Arch) the Convention was based on the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It was signed in Rome in 1950 and came into force in 1953.

It begins well: "1. Everyone has the right to freedom of expression." Good start but, naturally, downhill from there. Like Free Speech (See Editorial this issue) in the British Isles it is also all extremely conditional on you saying the correct things *their way*. Again I quote, **"Are there any restrictions to this right?** Although you have freedom of expression, you also have a duty to behave responsibly and to respect other people's rights.

Public authorities may restrict this right if they can show that their action is lawful, necessary and proportionate in order to:

Protect national security, territorial integrity (the borders of the state)or public safety, prevent disorder or crime, protect health or morals, protect the rights and reputations of other people..." and on it goes.

So you can say anything you like folks as long as you do not piss anyone off.

Which is what TRUE FREE SPEECH is all about!

Freedom.
What Freedom?

Support and Donating

We have, and are, receiving a very strong stream of renewals following our recent and the continuous output with issues, 872, 873, 874, 875 and now ***876***. (Again a major thank you to Rob Black for his very successful work). It is, obviously, our *intention* to continue with *regular* bi-monthly publication.

So our next issue will be Aug-Sept. See you then. This though you will only have a view of if you are NOT missing from the *Candour* mailing list. Take FINAL REMINDERS at their word and 'sub' up!

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Websites and Blogs of possible Interest:

britishforcesinpalestine.org
northwestnationalists.blogspot.com
truedemocracy.net
thefallenlist.blogspot.c

Bill Baillie's Blogs

The first of every month Bill, a veteran of the *League of Empire Loyalists* and *Union Movement* updates his two blogs. Bill is a proud pro-European and that combined with his wealth of knowledge of 'the movement' and the many people he has known over decades always make for fascinating reading.
Nation Revisited: *nationrevisited.blogspot.com*
European Outlook: *europeanoutlook.blogspot.com*

UK Column broadcast their **online** TV news and comment show three times a week from their Plymouth studios.
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WTFR
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Racial Nationalist Party of America (RNPA)

For a sample copy of their publication *White Voice* send a £5.00 note or a $10.00 bill to:
RNPA Headquarters, P.O. Box 1281.
Lockport, NY 14095, USA.

The Link

The Link has been formed to aid victims of State anti-race laws. Since the implementation of various measures, ostensibly to combat the genuine menace of terrorism, many patriotic dissidents have been arrested and harassed as a deliberate act of political policy.
We urgently need full information about anyone who has been imprisoned or threatened by the ever encroaching Orwellian State.

Make the first move and contact:
Michael Woodbridge: 01490440418

Latest News

Alison Chabloz. The last we heard, 16th April, Alison had appealed her 18 week sentence imposed on 31st March. Remanded back to custody with a reminder from the judge that a failed appeal could result in an increased sentence.